

LOG TELLS OF A TAMMANY FUND FROM LAW BREAKERS.

CROKER SAYS, "PROVE IT OR DEACREASE FOR SLANDER."

MR. CROKER AGAIN IN CONTROL AT THE WIGWAM.

Leaders Rejoice to See the Silent Chief Once More in the Historic Back Room Directing the Campaign.

The Order Is Given: "No Let Up in Work Until the Votes Are Counted," and the General Himself Sets the Pace.

The fighting line was formed at the old barracks yesterday. Richard Croker took command in the little back room in Tammany Hall. He sat at the desk where Kelly used to sit. There were no frills, no formal announcements. Every man who could handle a gun in the campaign was welcome. It was "How are you John?" "I am glad to see you, Tammy."

The enthusiasm was of the old time order. The man in the lead was one of them. The pavements on Fifth avenue have not been quite familiar to many loyal Tammany men, and the return to the wigwam as a place of business was a matter for rejoicing. An open door in place of a flunkey with a card tray is often more agreeable to the Democratic mind.

Mr. Croker walked up the wigwam steps at 11 o'clock and stepped into the Executive Committee room. He wore a black frock coat and a derby hat. He was greeted by John F. Carroll, groomed with customary care, was in waiting, and a chat of ten minutes followed. When Mr. Croker responded the overcoat was locked in a closet under the care of Custodian John McCloskey. A dark blue sack coat, a plain black vest and a modest tie, Mr. Croker wore during the day.

In a Historic Room. The historic room in which statesmen, politicians and leaders of all degrees have been made and unmade is somewhat changed. The black walnut table, covered with green cloth, where John Kelly sat for years, is placed at the east side of the room. Mr. Croker's private secretary, Thomas F. Sullivan, sits at the desk at the side, while at the end is a chair occupied by Mr. Croker when he is not walking about the room or at the roller desk of John F. Carroll.

Above the table is a crayon portrait of John Kelly, and the likeness between the two greatest leaders of Tammany Hall was remarked more than once yesterday. The wide square chin, broad beard-covered face, and drooping mustache, the dead leader as the counterpart of the grim, determined man who is now directing the fight for municipal supremacy.

The wide folding doors of the inner room were open yesterday, and every visitor found greeting. A nod of the square chin or a wave of the hand was the sign of dismissal for the men who produce results or whose counsel is of value. There was a more cordial greeting and a few minutes' conversation.

A Scene of Activity. The rooms rapidly assumed the appearance of action. Maurice B. Blumenthal sat in one corner as chairman of the Committee on Speakers. Mr. Blumenthal is director of spellbinders. He forms the backbone of human microphones. Just now he is turning the microphone against Mr. Croker. The microphone is a device of speech in the district. Twenty speakers have been detailed in that building, and it will be the duty of Mr. Blumenthal if he does not "view with alarm" the retention of Mazet as a censor of municipal morals.

Among the early callers were Judge Daniel F. McMahon, Assemblyman Patrick F. Trahan, who has an eye upon the Speakership, John McQuade, treasurer of Tammany, and Street Cleaning Commissioner James McCartney. Judge Stiner was chairman of the Advertising Committee. Mr. Croker looked after the distribution of political posters, including a large life-like portrait of himself.

A visitor who attracted more than one glance of interest was young Frank Croker. He sat next to his father, and he walked hurriedly into the inner room, glanced at the clock, and then he walked out.

DEAR TEDDY: Having tried every known remedy for insomnia without securing relief, my friends advised me to try you again and see if it would not help me, as it did last year. I want to thank you right now for what you did for me last year.

I had tried everything, little liver pills, four fingers before retiring, massage, health lift, liver pad and laxative tea, but still I could not sleep. Night after night I lay in my bed wide-eyed, counting the fingers on the wall paper and wishing for the morning. I used to holler "dye" to keep from going mad, but the other tenants in the flat objected to this and I had to stop it.

I should be in the mad house to-day, Teddy, if some one had not suggested that I take a course of your specialties. I did not think they would help me, but despairing of obtaining relief through any other means, I purchased your "dye" and took it to Carnegie Hall one night where you were to talk the people into making you Governor.

"If," said my doctor, "he can talk the people into making him Governor he can surely talk you to sleep or to death, and you might much better be dead than awake for the rest of your life."

Well, I went. The effect was wonderful. You had not been talking ten minutes when my doctor began to move, and several young ladies around us nodded violently. Oh, that blissful night! The only thing I remember before I dozed off was the powerful flashing of your teeth as you bit off lettuce after lettuce. They could not wake me up after the meeting, and I was taken home, still sleeping, in a carriage. I slept all that night and awoke next day a made man.

After that I followed you all over the State, including the one night stands.



Mr. Croker at His Old Desk—the Desk of John Kelly.

(Photographed by the Journal Photographer.) When the Tammany chieftain decided to take personal charge of the campaign his old desk, the one bequeathed to him by John Kelly, was put back in place, and he will use it until election day.

around for his father, who was out for the moon and stars. A rumor followed that this young man was to succeed to the private secretaryship. The story was wholly without foundation, but the prophets of Tammany are looking forward to the time when young Croker will be a power in the wigwam.

Dr. Barnes Sees Croker. Another visitor was Dr. James F. Barnes, of Schuylers County, who is known as ex-Senator Hill's candidate for the Speakership of the Assembly. Dr. Barnes chatted a few minutes with Mr. Croker and left without meeting other leaders.

The work yesterday was largely preliminary. The district leaders gave brief reports of conditions. "We are just starting in, and I am here to go to work," said Mr. Croker.

An incident that aroused a bit of excitement and a flow of rumors followed a flash-light photograph of Mr. Croker. The swinging doors of the inner room were closed to assist the photographer, and few in the outer room were aware of the proceeding.

Gave Them a Scare. Suddenly there came an explosion. A flash of light was seen through the ground glass and a cloud of smoke poured forth through the edges of the door.

"It's a bomb," was the cry. A dozen frightened men rushed to the room to find themselves fooled. It was only the Journal's photographer taking the pictures which are reproduced here.

Mr. Croker was all business. He had little time for such jests as Tammany men are wont to exchange among themselves. When he walked with his hand in his pocket into the outer room it was only to speak to a leader on the work of the campaign. He is extremely confident in the success of the county ticket, but he is also very serious.

Carroll Is Busy, Too. John F. Carroll moved from one room to the other. There were no signs of anything but business. Mr. Carroll is Mr. Croker and the smaller lights of Tammany Hall. He was often consulted by visitors who were introduced by him to Mr. Croker.

Mr. Carroll is a man of few words. He pointed at a fine, large photograph of William J. Bryan, hanging in a conspicuous place on the wall.

"He has a strong face," said Mr. Carroll. At 5 o'clock Mr. Croker was helped into his overcoat by Jankov McCluskey, beg pardon, Custodian McCluskey. He had been in the building since 11 o'clock, with an interval of an hour for lunch, when he walked across the street to a modest little oyster house.

The lights were turned out and the first day's work at headquarters has ended. The business to-day will include a meeting of the Executive Committee at 4 p. m.

To prevent colds, "Grip," take two "Orange" pills, half hour apart, when chilled or exposed. If badly attacked, simply "Orange" directions in every package will quickly cure.



"I Fell Asleep Like a Little Child." Your influence became so powerful that I only had to see you to go to sleep, and had I had the good fortune to be on your special train I could have made a clean sleeping job of the whole tour.

But, alas, you were elected and ceased to talk in public for a time, and my old malady began to reassert itself. I have managed, however, to get through the year by keeping a close watch on your movements, and sitting under you whenever the opportunity presented itself. As a boy I used to be a grand sleeper under your old pastor's preaching, but you can give him big and little casino, cards and spades, a sleep-compelling love, or Teddy, you are all one to me!

And now in this new campaign I am looking to you for more peaceful nights and happy days. I heard you at Duneland's Risk last Thursday night; that is, I saw you on the stage, and then I fell asleep like a little child, and did not wake until I found myself at home, where I managed to keep my eyes open long enough to write you this letter.

And now you will give this to the newspapers, for there may be others afflicted like me, and I want them all to know how powerful you are. You are an antidote, my dear Teddy, and don't you forget it. But don't misuse your great gift. Treasure it for the sick and wretched, and don't eat it up like a child. I am sure you will not. Teddy, I would write more, but my eyes are closing, and delicious languor envelops all my senses. My own prayer is that you may not get sore throat or pneumonia or speaker's cramp or any other disorder that might shut you off prematurely. Yours for sleep,

TOM BREED.



Richard Croker's Latest Likeness.

(Photograph by a Journal photographer.) He took personal charge of the Tammany campaign yesterday, and the leaders rejoiced to see him back at his old desk in the Wigwam.

CROKER THREATENS TO HAVE QUIGG ARRESTED

Latter Says Tammany Tammany Chief De-Raised \$120,000 from Tammany Funds That He Prove Illegal Resorts.

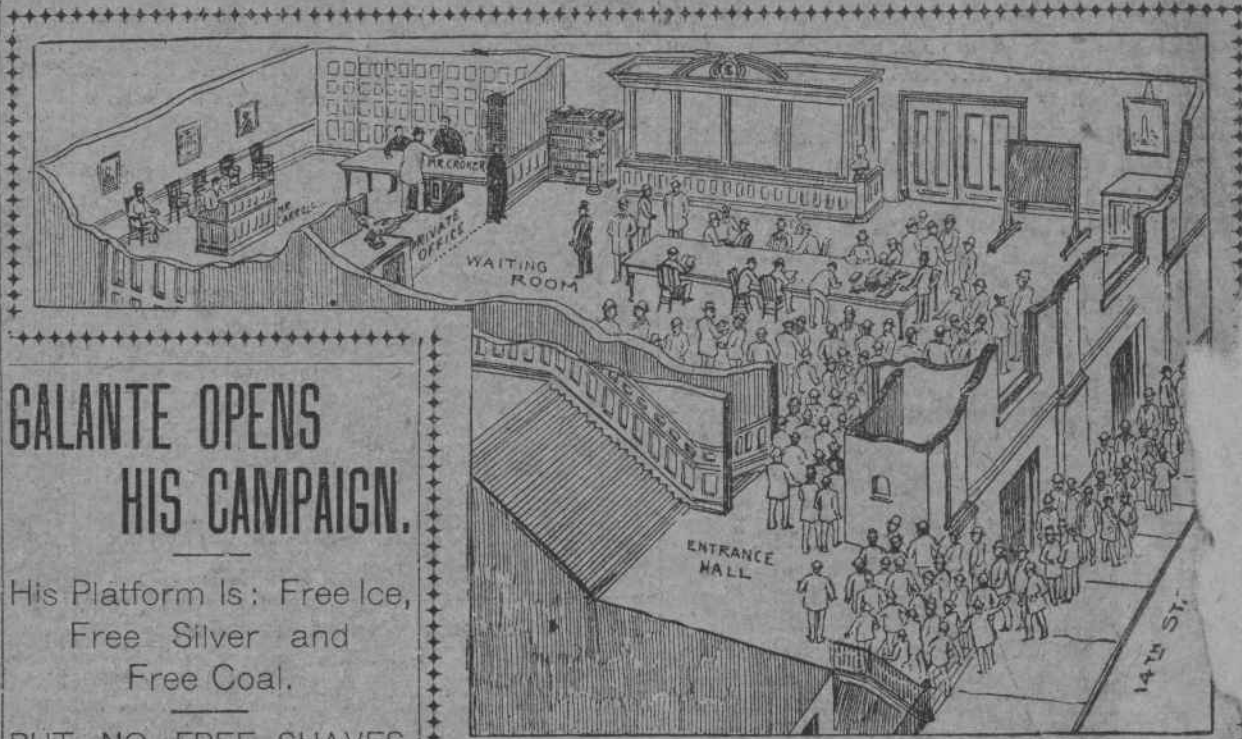
Chairman Emanuel Ely Quigg promulgated yesterday charges of attempted bribery of Independent Labor party men by Tammany Hall leaders; asserted that their organization had assessed every poolroom and other illegal resort in the city \$300, from which would come a campaign fund of \$120,000, and denied that Senator Platt and his allies are sacrificing the Fusion County ticket for Platt candidates for Assembly. Mr. Quigg's statement is in part as follows:

"Numerous attempts have been made and are being made to bribe men connected with the Independent Labor party organization, and induce them to desert, but they are all standing firm, and, for the first time since 1888, organized labor is sternly and strongly arrayed against Tammany Hall."

"The ferocity with which Tammany Hall is attacking the labor certificates before the Bureau of Elections shows how much they fear the labor movement, but the greatest care has been taken in preparing these certificates, and the Labor party will contest to the bitter and every attack made upon them."

"Efforts are being made to persuade our allies that the Republican party is waging its fight simply for the purpose of carrying the Republican Assembly Districts. This is not true. We are making a campaign in every Assembly District in the whole State, and with the vigor of which we are capable, and every Republican vote, so far as any information has reached headquarters, can be depended on to stand for the fusion ticket. I have made the widest inquiry to ascertain whether there are any Republicans who will not vote the fusion ticket, because it carries so many candidates from other than Republican ranks; but the reply comes from every district that the Republicans are heartily united in approving the policy that has been pursued."

Those who sympathize with the effort to beat Tammany Hall ought to help us not only with their votes but with money. The expenses of such a campaign as this are very heavy. Tammany Hall has collected \$300 from each pool room and other illegal resort in New York. It will raise from these sources alone not less than \$120,000.



GALANTE OPENS HIS CAMPAIGN.

His Platform Is: Free Ice, Free Silver and Free Coal.

BUT NO FREE SHAVES.

Free Lunch Winds Up an Enthusiastic Meeting in an East Side Hall.

In the small back hall of Wolff's cigar store, No. 452 Grand street, Signor Nicola Galante, independent candidate for the Assembly in the Twelfth District, opened his campaign and announced his platform last night. Here is the platform:

"FREE ICE! FREE SILVER! FREE COAL!"

"Three-cent Car Fares. Seven-cent Plats. Sunday Saloons and Barber Shops. 'A School on Every Block. Immunity from Arrest. 'Steam Heat on Grand Street Cars. 'Two-dollar Plug Hairs, and—

"Hurrah for Dewey, McKinley and Bryan."

When he is not a candidate Signor Galante is a barber. Joe Cohn, the wine agent and divorce lawyer, acted as chairman of the meeting. Ben Padlin, the photographer, who is running for Alderman on the Galante ticket, acted as secretary. The hall was crowded with 115 men. Max Hirsch, the medicine man, had a snare drum behind the cigar counter.

It was twenty minutes before Signor Galante could be heard, so great was the enthusiasm. He was gorgeously attired. Last week he served on a jury and yesterday he got a check for \$5. He took this to Max the barber and exchanged it for a pair of patent leather shoes and a plug hat. The hat cost \$3 and contained a plug to put another plug in his platform. He believes that no plug hat should cost more than \$2.

"I'll be elected," said Signor Galante. "I go to Albany and fight everything. If I be elected in fifteen minutes in fifteen minutes in fifteen minutes."

It was evident that Signor Galante did not know what year is due to happen after 1899. Joe Cohn came to his rescue.

"Dewey, right," shouted Signor Galante. "In nineteen days I'll come home and get a brass band in my ear."

"Hooraay," yelled the crowd, in an ecstasy of glee.

Signor Galante then launched out in a tirade against the Tammany law. He decried the \$300 license for the reason that it makes a pint of beer cost ten cents where it formerly cost seven cents.

"Looka deena way," he yelled. "I got a da seven-barber in my shop. I can cut a da barber's hair in da day. Come me it, twenty-one da cent a day. Why-y-y-y?"

The intonations Signor Galante put on this "Why" cannot be expressed in type. It was the funniest single word ever uttered. The crowd shrieked, roared, choked and fell on the floor, and Max Hirsch, the medicine man, played the drum with his left hand.

More schools was the next text of the platform taken up. Signor Galante said he had three children and they could only go to the big school in Delancey street from 1 o'clock to 4 o'clock every day.

"What can da teach, wan-two-tree?" asked Signor Galante.

"Shewtish," answered the deliriously happy crowd.

Signor Galante's scheme for supplying the poor with free coal and free ice is so complicated that he could not express it in English, so he spoke Italian. There being but three Italians in the audience the effect was lost. But when he got down to Dewey he reached English again.

"What is da best first-a nem?" he screamed. "Deena man da make-a shk-a great man. Deena George—what is da first-a nem?"

"Dewey!" yelled Joe Cohn. "Somebody don't know nothing about it," he yelled. "I tell you, I tell you. I make-a da little boat, like-a da Olymp. Put-a him inna da front wind da da barber store. What everybody else do? Buy-a da first-a nem? Costa Galante nineteen-a dot."

Signor Galante rapidly recounted the list of things he wanted free for the poor. He took the list from the rear pocket. "How was mount?"

"No-vair," screamed Galante. "I give-a da free shav. I am my barber store bust in wa mount."

The concluding words of Signor Galante's speech were: "If I be elected, I will make a da next year nobody need to look in my face."

After the meeting two kegs of beer and a keg of chicken salad were consumed in the hall. Telegrams were brought in at intervals purporting to come from President McKinley, Governor Roosevelt and Mayor McClellan. Signor Galante was so tickled at these that he wanted to give another keg of beer. He was allowed to give an order for it for future delivery, the time to be named by Joe Cohn.

Signor Galante starts a cart-tail campaign through the district tonight. He holds a meeting at Wolff's Hall on Friday night.

It must be understood that Signor Galante is in dead earnest, and if he loses his trade will fall off a whole lot. His customers are boosting his candidacy, and they remember the experience of Finkelshtein, the diamond merchant, Galante was shaving him Saturday.

"Are you a Jew?" asked Galante. Finkelshtein looked at the razor and looked at Galante. "I am with you," he said.

Schlueter Loses Final Appeal. The application of Herman Schlueter, the nominee for Supreme Court Justice on the anti-Leon ticket of the Socialist Labor party, to have his name put on the official ballot under the party emblem was denied by Justice McKee yesterday. Schlueter appealed from the decision of Justice McKee to the Supreme Court. The Police Board in placing the names of the De Leon candidates on the ticket.

Republican Meeting To-morrow. A grand mass meeting of Republican and Independent Labor voters will be held at the Murray Hill Gymnasium, East Thirtieth street, under the auspices of the Republican party, to-morrow evening at 8 o'clock. The speakers will be William J. O'Brien, candidate for Sheriff, the Rev. Thomas J. Silver, John Proctor Clark and Captain Norton Goddard.

Journal First in "Want" Adverts. The Journal gained 5,942 "Want" adverts in seven days (week ending October 23) over corresponding days last year, and printed more "Want" adverts than any other New York newspaper. Advertisers appreciate an enterprising and aggressive advertising medium.

Headquarters of the Army of Tammany. The floor plan of the east side of the Wigwam shows the position of Mr. Croker's desk and that of Mr. Carroll, as well as the general waiting room.

EAST SIDE HAS NO DULL CAMPAIGN.

But Ways Have Changed Since "the Good Old Days."

ACROBATS IN POLITICS. ONLY WEST SIDE FIGHT.

Martin Engel's "Diplomacy" Responsible for Many "Flops" Dazzling to Outsiders.

East Side campaigns are not what they used to be. Never again will the day come like to that when a voter of more valor than discretion walked up to "Dry Dollar" Sullivan and said:

"I am one of the men that voted against you in the last election," and "Dry Dollar" said: "I know you are, but who was the other pie-faced lobster? Or words to that effect."

But it is never dull on the East Side, even if the old glorious days have departed. Barney Horvick, for instance, is taking no part in East Side politics this year. He says that he is out of it for good.

"When I was in charge over here," said the old man yesterday, "Democrats got the jobs. Who's getting them to-day? Not a Democrat, I'll go bail. Martin Engel hasn't had a Democrat appointed since he got the leadership, and I stand ready to prove it."

Engel does not deny that he is certainly one of the ablest political acrobats on the East Side. He is Isidor Cohn, candidate for the Assembly in the Twelfth District on the Tammany ticket. The last time Charlie Adler, the Republican leader in the Eighth, was nominated for the Assembly, Cohn seconded the nomination in a speech that absolutely bristled with eloquence. Two nights later, at the Democratic convention, he seconded the nomination of Cohn for the Assembly, and his been a Democrat ever since.

Just at present Cohn is Martin Engel's right-hand man. He is almost as sure of election as though he had the returns in his hand.

The Market Court is always the preliminary battle ground in an East Side campaign. Going on bonds, paying fines, securing lawyers, settling divorce cases, procuring help money, saying people from being dispossessed is of more force than oratory as campaign material. One of the surest campaign workers in the Police Court is Mrs. Max Forges, the wife of the Tammany candidate for Alderman from "de Abt."

Mrs. Forges is without a doubt the smoothest woman politician in town. For many years she supported Charlie Adler, when he was Mayor, and she is now supporting Engel. To furnish an idea of how East Side politics is likely to twist the brain of an outsider, let us mention that Mrs. Forges, once Tammany candidate for Alderman, was once the Republican opponent of Mayor Engel.

"If Tammany puts up Engel," said one of the old-timers, "we'll put up Tim Campbell, and Tim'll wipe Grand street with him."

The visit of Lord Mayor Fallon, of Dublin, has aroused Mayor De Connolly, of Poverty Hollow, who called on Senator Sullivan yesterday to ask about the advisability of giving the Lord Mayor a reception in Poverty Hollow. "I'd best be a lot in the campaign," said Mayor Connolly.

"Do you know," said the Senator, "that the Lord Mayor was a gold chain around his neck that weighs eight pounds, and is worth \$4,000?"

"I don't know," replied Connolly. "Well, he does," went on Sullivan, "and he doesn't take it off for a minute or he'd lose his job. Git him down in Poverty Hollow if you want to, but keep it quiet."

If the going around Engel's and Silver Dollar Smith's gets on the Mayor will go back to Dublin with neither his chain, nor his job.

Connolly was not convinced. "If he's afraid of losing his chain," he said, "I'll put up me watch in Max Spring's watch an' me piano an' me license will anybody be names as security that he'll hold his job."

JOHN S. CROSBY ACCEPTS LABOR PARTY NOMINATION. With No Hope for Election, He Says, But Acceptance is a Duty.

The rumor that John S. Crosby would not accept the Independent Labor party's nomination for Justice of the Supreme Court, was set at rest by Mr. Crosby's formal acceptance, at a conference with a committee of party leaders yesterday. He was called on by Philip Weissner, of the Plumbers and Gasfitters; Edward Hanna, of the Bluestone Cutters; Ernest Bohm, of the Brewers, and George W. Jones, of the Clothing Cutters, who assured him that the workers were acting in good faith.

Mr. Crosby said the honor was all that he might reasonably hope to realize from the nomination. He said, however, acceptance was a duty and he accepted. The petition asking Mr. Crosby to accept the nomination bore the signatures of thirty-four representatives of labor unions with 60,000 members.

SEXTON MAKES AN OFFER TO MAZET.

Will Provide Halls if Quigg and Clarke V-Talk.

Little Fun Outside the Ninth District, but it's Lively There.

Politics on the West Side of the city is confined to the Nineteenth District. At least there is where all the fun and most of the fighting is going on.

This is a bona-fide offer made by John Sexton, Commissioner of Police and manager of the anti-Mazet fight in the Nineteenth District, where so many good and true men are laboring twenty-four hours a day to the end that Robert Mazet may spend next Winter at his own expense in this city, and not be compelled to go to Albany for his party's good.

"You may say for me," said Mr. Sexton yesterday, "that we will supply a hall for the Republicans any time they want one for campaign purposes provided"—"provided that John Proctor Clarke and Emanuel Ely Quigg will speak from the platform."

"Don't smile, young man," he continued. "I'm serious. Say, too, that the hall will be rent free, with plenty of lights thrown in. It won't cost them a cent."

"Yes, sir, I've not more to offer. The Republicans say they can't get a hall in the district. Well, we'll give them all our halls and take off every one of our speakers from now until election day if they will only bring Mr. Quigg and Mr. Clarke into the district and exploit them. This is official."

Commissioner Sexton smoked a minute and thought a bit. Then he continued: "I met Mazet outside a few minutes ago. He passed the time of day pleasantly and I said: 'Why don't you have your backer, Quigg, up here?' He said he didn't want him. Quigg would be just as good a card for Mr. Stewart this year as he was for Captain Chandler a year ago. We Democrats want to hear all we can get. Let Proctor Clarke so much that we'll see they speak to standing room only if they'll only give us a chance to show how grateful we are."

"We don't want to win up here," said Register Freeman. "Except on the death bed, Commissioner Sexton wouldn't stand for anything else. I told Mr. Mazet to-day that if he thought there was any colonizing going on in this district, to tell us and we'll take the trouble of his hands in getting rid of it."

"But," and the Register shook his head dolefully, "do you know what those McLaughlin men did? Well, they stood in the polls and when they heard an Irish name or one with a foreign twinge they charged. Yet, if the man said 'Ethan Allen Doty,' they bowed and passed him right in."

Mr. Mazet was at his headquarters yesterday afternoon. He said seriously enough: "From the letter I received, and from the words of my friends, I expect to win by 1,000 majority."

And then the talk touched colonizing. Mr. Mazet looked wise, but had little to say. One of his lieutenants said, though, that the registration from the Holmes law hotels was terrible. "And from every flat on West Sixty-fourth street there is as many as thirty from a single six-room house."

"If our goody-goody friends from the Citizens' Union will stand for all these things," said Charles F. Bruders, deputy Republican leader of the Nineteenth, "well"—He shook his head sadly. And so old Mr. Mazet.

Mr. Mazet is confident. The registration in Brooklyn, according to John L. Shea, chairman of the Democratic Campaign Committee, shows decidedly in favor of the Democrats. He said yesterday: "It's out all along the line from the Republicans. First, which shows a loss of 12½ per cent. to the Democrats. Second, which shows a gain of 300 over last year. The most remarkable falling off is that in Mr. Woodruff's own ward—a voting loss of 16 per cent."

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